

But really the truth  
of the matter is I  
couldn't care less one way or  
the other and say, "Yeah right, Jim,"  
and keep on doodling.

#### THE GUYS IN FAB 11 CAN FIX ANYTHING

Phil and I gown-up  
and go into Fab 11 where  
IBM is manufacturing  
their latest state-of-the-art computer  
chips. Seems one of our  
WCDS Dispense Pump Controllers is on  
the fritz so we hand-carried  
a new one all  
the way up from Boston for the guys  
to install on their 3 million dollar  
DNS Apply Cluster Tool.  
But right away we can see that  
the new one  
isn't working either. The little red  
lights aren't lighting and it's  
not cycling. So I begin to sweat  
even more than normal  
inside my Goretex gown and hat  
and mask and booties and gloves.  
I whisper to Phil, "What in the hell  
will we do if we can't get  
this damn controller going and this  
million-dollar-a-day line goes down?"  
He shrugs, "We'll be dead meat,  
dead fucking meat."  
But before we know what's  
happening, 6 eager beaver engineers  
have descended on our stupid little  
\$500 controller that won't work  
like vultures on a fresh zebra carcass —  
one opens it up, another  
holds a flashlight while a third  
pages through the operator's manual  
and a fourth is on the phone  
trying to find cable  
and some splicing tape. Nobody  
says much, they're just working,  
huddled over our stupid  
controller lying there in the middle  
of the Fab floor. Within minutes  
they find the problem and repair it,  
wham bam thank you ma'am just like that.  
I'm helping out too, by the way,  
by humming the theme  
song to "Mission Impossible."